tor Post PAID.

From the Saturday Courier. SONG OF HARVEST HOME.

BY WILLIAM C. LODGE. Our Harvest is ended-Let's join in a song, That the sweet scented zephyrs May waft it along: O'er the bill and the valley. The river and plain, Till it echoes from forest And mountain again.

To the Lord of the Harvest Our song we will sing; And this be the incense, Together we bring, For the blessing of sunshine, Of dew and of rain; The flowery pasture, And fields of bright grain.

The bee-haunted valley, And meadow are still, And the rush of the sickle Has ceased on the hill; The voice of the mower Salutes not the morn, For the harvest is gathered, And sale in the barn.

The gay feathered warblers Of orchant and grove, Are tuning their voices In accents of love; And the clear annay streamlet Bursts forth in a song, Through the green mossy borders It wanders along.

the breeze of the morning. That steels from the bowers The breath of its freshness, The scent of the flowers With its music of murmurs, Invisch from soil. To a tuneful thanksgiving,

For gifts of the soil. Ch, come, while all nature Delights to prolong, The incense of worship In free-offered song, If the Land of the Harvest Will smile on our store, And deign to a blessing, Weash for no more.

## ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

It is cenerally known that Benedict Arnold, after his treason, was treated in Enghand with perfect contempt. The following mee late will illustrate this:

Very soon after the peace of 1783. Arnold dists in every crowd you get into; and the blacksmith shucked himself, rolled up his senversation which he had with the king. Lord Balearras, an old nobleman, who had Lord Dalcarras-General Arnold, What your majorty, said the old lord, sternly looknence of this behavior was a challenge, and should 6 They met-the word was given and Armeld fired, but missed. Lord Bal or dal not ilre, but threw his postol away, Why don't you fire, my d Precise Arnold. "Sir." answered the old soldier, looking at him contemptously over his aboulder, A leave you to the hang-

At the time that the Prince of Wales, afawards King William IV. of England, was a the army in Canada, he made one day a tip to Vermont. He stepped into the she of a tailor, and finding him not in, and his wife, a young and beautiful creature alone, he could not help kissing her, saving, 'Go now and tell your country woman that the son of the King of England has kissed you." But very nuluckily for him, the husband of dy being in the back room, and having tion, got hold of the prince very roughly and ave him a good thrashing, saying: "Go now, ou scoundrel, and tell your countrymen but a Yankee tailor has given the son of the ling of Fingland a good licking!"

An trishman, it is said, once wrote a letthe to his brother, containing an account of him, responded lustilythe death of a relative, in a posteript to which he added-

Patrick, don't open this letter till several lays after you have received it, by which tidings it contains.

Why is it that a school-master and a school boy lead a 'eat and dog' life? Because the aster belongs to the cane ine (canine) and

the boy to the feel line (feline) species. "Speaking about Guns." The doctor told us a good story the other day. When the Rev. Mr. — was ordained over the Old

South Church, in Boston, Dr. Wpreached the sermon. It was a capital one. a I a copy was requested for the press, but the doctor declined. An old gentleman remarked that he would give a good deal to have it published, 'for,' said he, 'I have heard it now twelve times, and it grows five mintes longer every time-it is a wondeful sermon.' [Nashua Telegraph.]

## A NEW REMEDY FOR TOOTH-

ACHE. Among the thousand remedies for toothche, caoutchoue is now stated to be a very Ecacious one. A piece of caoutchoue is to c put on a wire, then melted at the flame of canale, and pressed while warm, into the hollow tooth, and the pain will disappear instantly. The cavity of the tooth should first aned out with pieces of cotton. In consequence of the viscosity and adhesiveness of caoutchoue, the air is completely prevented from coming into contact with the denu-ded nerve, and thus the cause of the tooth-

iche is destroyed.







VOL. X.

MIDDLEBURY, VT .-- TUESDAY, OCT. 14, 1845

NUMBER 24.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A STORY OF THE SOUTHWEST.

How the Mountain Blacksmith was Converted .- The scene is laid in the mountain ous regions of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a great antipathy against all Methodist ministers in particular. His shop was in a narrow mountain pass, and he declared his determination to whip every Methdist preacher that passed his shop. The Rev. B. Stubbleworth, however, readily consented to go there, and the following describes his ride through the mountains:

Forgeron had heard of hisnew victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance fur-nished abetter subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard, too, that some ministers were rather spirited, and hoped that this one might be provoked to fight. Knowing that the clergy-man must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker a holliday, and regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the approach of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words—

'Oh, how happy are they who their Saviou obey, And have laid up their treasures above.' sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vo-calist, turning the angle of the rock, rode up with a continued smile on his counten-

'How are you, old Slabsides ? Get off your horse, and join in my devotion,' said the

'I have miles to ride,'answered the preacher, and I havn't time, my friend. I will call when I return.' when I return.'
'Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are
the triffing hypocrite the Methodists sent here
to preach, ch?'
'My name is Stubbleworth,' he meekly re-

'Didn't you know my name was Ned For geron, the blacksmith, that whips every Methodist preacher that comes along?' was asked with an andacious look, 'and how dare

you come here " The preacher replied that he had heard of

Forgeron's name, but presumed that he had heard of Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well behaved travellers.

'You presume so! Yes, you are the most presumptious people, you Methodists, that ever trod sole leather any how. Well, what'll you do, you beef-headed disciple you?

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such a pen-

'Well, there's three things you'll have to do, or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wearthis last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read and the third is, you are to curse the Metho

The preacher looked on during these nov fought under Hurzoyne during the American revolution, was automated.—The king made both acquainted with each other, saying: el preparations without a line of his face moving, and at the end he replied that the submit to them.

·Well, you've got a whaling to submit to mg at Arnold—Arnold the traiter! and he then.—I'll tear you into doll rags, corner ways! Get down, you cussed long-faced

The preacher remonstrated and Forceron alking up to the horse, threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity md alighted.

"I have one request to make my friendthat is, you won't heat me with this overcoat ou; it was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have

'Off with it, and that suddenly, you basis faced imp.

The Methodist preacher slowly threw his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued hi tirade of abuse of him and his set, and, throw ing the garment behind him, he dealt For geron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid him prostrate on the ground with the testimony of Tom Paine beside him. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and bestowed his blow with a courteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continuing the song where he had left off on his arrival-

'Tongue cannot express the sweet comuntil Forgeron, from having experienced firs

love or some other sensation equally new to

'Enough! enough! enough! take him But, unfortunately, there was no one to perform that kind office, except the preach-er's old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as if his master was lrap-

y at camp-meeting. 'Now,' said Stubbleworth, 'there are three things you must promise me, before I let you

What are they? asked Forgeron, eager The first is, that you will never molest

Methodist preacher again. Here Ned's pride arose, and he hesitated and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows

'I then rode on the sky, freely justified I, And the moon it was under my feet. This oriental language overcame the black smith—Such bold figures, or something else caused him to sing out, 'Well, I'll do it; i'l

doit! 'You are getting on very well,' said Mr Stubbleworth. 'I think I can make a decen nan of you yet, and perhaps a christian. Ned gronned. The second thing I frequire of you is, to

go to Pumpkin creek meeting house, and hear me preach to-morrow. Ned attempted to stammer out some ex cuse, when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking over the face with the fleshy part of his

I'll do my best,' said he, in an humbl

Well, that's a man,' said Stubbleworth. 'Now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face and tear up Tom Paine's tes tament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned rose, with feelings he never experienced before, and went to obey the lavatory injunctions of the preacher, when the latter person mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said—

'Now keep your promise, and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr., Forgeron; 1'll look for you to morrow.'

look for you to-morrow.

And off he rode with the same impertura

ble countenance, singing so loud as to scare the engles from their eyrie in the overlanging rocks.
"Well,' thought Ned,' this is nice business that Ne

What would people say if they knew that Ned Forgeron was whipped before his own door, and that too by a Methodist preacher! But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger. His disfigured countenance was, of course, the subject of numerous questions that night, among his friends; to which he replied with a stern look which they under-stood, and the vogue remark that he had met

stood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident.

Of course they never dreamed of the cause. Ned locked in the glass and com-pared his black eye, from the recent scufle, to the rainbow shipwrecked scene—blend-ing every color into one. Or perhaps he never read the story, and muttered to him-selt. Ned Forgeran whipped by a Methodist self, 'Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist

preacher!'
From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighborhood observed it, and whis-pered that Ned was silent, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered greatly at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulating as to the metamorphosis of this jovial dare-devil blacksmith inphoses of this jovial dare-teeve backsam in-tion a gloomy and taciturn man; some sup-posed, very sagely, that a 'spirit' had en-ticed him into the mountains, and, after giv-ing him a glimpse into the future, had mis-led him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change, but none suspected the Methodist preacher; and the latter having no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. The gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. Rev. Mr. Mr. Stubbleworth oreached a sermon that seemed to enter his oul and relieve it of a burden; and the song

How happy are they who their Saviour

obey,"
was only half through when he felt like new man. Forgeron was from that time a 'shouting Methodist.' At a love feast, a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and conversion to his astonished

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who bad The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who had taithfully kept the secret until that time, could not contain himself any longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

'Yes, my brethren,' said he, 'it is a fact.

I did man the grace into his unbelieving soul, there is no doubt? The blacksmith of the mountain-pass him-self became, soon after, a Methodist preach-

A QUEER CUSTOMER. 'It is most amusing,' said Richard Mer-vyn, as he relinguished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of—and streets. 'Its really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America hangs on old aprawling in a dirty, republican putter, with-cut being able to help myself out of it. There's a lamp, winking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would, if it had a mouth; and a big brate of a dog just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat! What a country!—what gutters!—and what quor! I only took nine swallers of whis ey, and with that and premature old age, I verily believe I am assassinated-I'm a gone

Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that

sistance soon came. Silence, there !- what's the matter ? 'Silence, there :-what's the done, or as 'Matter yourself; I'm being done, or as 'I'm doing. The march of some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Merryn is too deep for himself. Help me out—gently—there—. Aint I in a pretty pickle? This is what the doctors call gutta serona, isn'nt

\*When I was at school the boys would have called you a gutteral.

They wouldn't have known much gram mar if they did. I'm a liquid-see

'Oh ho!' said the watch, 'don't try to b funny; I know you well enough, now you have washed your face. You're the chap

that locked me up in my box once, an when I burst open the door, you knocked me heels over head and legged it. That's me. I did that thing. con like the ups and downs of public life!

Isn't variety charming?" If it wasn't that I'm a public functionary and mustn't give way to my feelings, 1'c crack your cocoa, and case my mind by ing as I was done by. I'll make an exam-ple of you, however. You're my prisoner.

Hally Goosha to the watch 'us.—
That's the Dutch for being tuk up.'
'Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid
of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs—how fat it makes em; and if you like fat pork, why shouldn' you like what makes pork fat? So-so stealy. Now I'll tell you all about t'other night. I was passing your box in a friendly proniscuous sort of a way. I thought were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch ain't wound up, it can't either keep good time or

Well, what else? 'Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch. That's all. it grew out of my obliging disposition.' 'Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and, to do it in the same way. I'll take you before the watch maker, to b cleansed and regulated. You go too fast, but I'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the regulator, and make you keep good time.'

'Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was in a horizontal, and that ou lifted me up like a patent lever? You're awake now; btu that night you wasn't up to trap, or you would have caught me; I aught a weazel asleep that time-I put

fresh salt on you for once." To add one more to his vagaries, Mervyn of mind is extreme and her desire to know now refused to walk a step further; and sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resociving and writing letters, and is fond of go-

Whether your name be Walker or not,

you must go.'
'Not without a go cart—you can't force Not without a go cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Havn't I got an office, or at least a public situation, here on the steps? If I base connected these sounds with individuals must go, it shall be on the Yanke principle of rotation: bring me a wheel-barrow?—Reform me out regularly.'

It was procured, and away they went.

Annuaga various sounds at will, and by some arbitrary arrangement of her own belonging to the institution; her teacher she calls by rapid iteration of the letter P, or rather of the syllable py as in philanthropy.

As she advances towards womanhood she exhibits a strong sense of maiden modesty—

of rotation: oring mea wheel states. At the form me out regularly.

It was procured, and away they went.

'So we go,' said Mervyn, 'Charley's making a harrow night of me. Gently, over the stones—I don't like humpers, except when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling the set here the horse." Wheeling-hurra! cart before the horse!"

Arriving at the watch house, he insisted apon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a barrow-nial castle. I'm a modest man,' said he, 'and no stairer. If I can't have a ride up, I think mys elf entitled to a

So saying, he attempted to escape, but was soon caught, being, as he said, like Gold-smith's works, beautifully chas-ed. The punster was carried aloft, and next morning. sober and penitent, paid his tipsey fine and carriage hire with a doleful countenance.

THE GRAVE OF JUDGE STORY. Fourteen years ago we joined the great throng that was moving towards Mount Auourn, the destined city of the dead to witness the ceremonies of its consecration. The large dell that has received its name from that occasion, afforded a natural amphi-theatre upon whose sides the thousands of spectators and auditors were seated. The wenerable Henry Ware, Senior, offered prayer, a hymn was sung, and then Joseph Story, the earnest friend of the projected cemetery. rose to pronounce a discourse urging the pur-poses and lessons of the consecration. He spoke from a full heart, for he had learned full well from sad bereavements to think of

the dead and their resting place.
Compare that scene with the burial scene
a few days since, and what thoughts and feetings arise. There was Mount Auburn, the
same in natural features, although with a far richer beauty alike in rural graces and marble mementoes. The City of the Dead, alas, to full of princeless treasures, the loved and hon-ored of the land, treasures almost to be envi-ed by the city of the living. But where is that venerable paster, where that elequent or-ator? The sods hardly yet settled over the ator? The sods hardly yet settled over the mound of the one declare how recently the voice raised in prayer has been hushed in death; and that the open tomb now waits for all that is mortal in the gifted orator. Within the space of two months they both have been carried to their rest among the groves which they consecrated.

The remains of Story rest by the ashes o his children and near the tombs of cherished friends and classmates. Of his own class, who graduated at Cambridge in the year 1798, consisting of forty-eight members, thirty had already deceased before he was

called away.

Walk round the garden of sepulchres, and as you rend the various inscriptions, pause before three names, there sculptured—Joseph Tuckerman, William Ellery Channing, Joseph Story:—the devoted Missionary to the Poor—the eloquent apostle of Christian humanity.—the faithful Minister of justice.— They were classmates and friends, one in faith and companionship. Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives and now in death age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here I am six feet two without my stockings, die. Where the poor are remembered, where us, as citizens of his native state, is a source humanity is cherished where justice is beld sacred, their fame will be carefully guarded. I have rest from their labors, spared from the relative to that event, he has labored to established writings of J. Fennimore Cooper, F.sq., relative to that event, he has labored to established writings of J. Fennimore Cooper, F.sq., aching brow and languid frame that they all lish opinions which we can neither adopt no n turn were called to know.

Who that looks upon the monument of Story can belp thinking of the beautiful senment offered at a recent festival of which he was the life and soul by one who little thought of such and so soon an application:
• The Grave of the upright Lawyer, Cujus

st solum, ejus esque ad coclum.

Truly in a spiritual as well as a legal ense, may it be said of his resting place. He who owns this soil owns it upwards to th very heavens."

## LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercia Advertiser gives the following sketch of this interesting pupil at the Institution of the Blind, Bostoni:

Laura Bridgeman is now fifteen years old a good figure, just beginning Ito assume the complete and rounded forms of womanhood, and a face which though not positively handsome, has good features and charms by its runk, animated and joyous express on-perhaps still more by the rapidity of its char with every passing thought and emotion. Her quenched eyes are covered by a green band, and the fell disease of childhoo childed her, has left a conspicuous though not unseemly mark upon one side of her face and throat. Of all human beings I ever saw she appears to be most full of nervous susceptibility; she is never still for a moment; and as her excitement is governed if not caused by happy sensations, the study of her is not less agreeable than interesting. Her disposi-tion seems to overflow with affection; she tands or sits with one arm around the waist f her teacher, and is perpetually kissing her cheek or hand, or gently patting her face, or lavishing upon her expressions of attachmen movements of her loquacious fin by rapid When I saw her she was more than usually excited, the day being one not set apart for the reception of visiters; if I had not been there she would have been employed alone in her own room, whereas now was with her teacher, in whose compan onship she seems to take a passionate de light. She was requested to go through some exercises on the map, &c., but she was so full of play that she could not refrain from indulging in a variety of sportive tricksgivin; wrong an wers on purpose, with a sly laugh, and in sundry ways endeavoring, as it romps instead of attending to her business. And by the way I was delighted with the kind and gentle gravity with which her escapades were checked and she recalled to the proprieties of the occasion. Laura is to a considerable extent with-

drawn now from association with the other pupils; she eats at Dr. Howe's table, and is xclusively under the training of the young lady I mentio eed at the outset. Her activity

lution, and declared his name was not Walk- ing to Boston, where she often is seen walking rapidly, hand in hand with her teacher, and conversing as fast as her fingers can move—or rather fly.

Although tot ally mute and deaf she is capable of uttering various sounds at will, and

exhibits a strong sense of maiden modesty-carrying it on so far that she can scarcely be prevailed on to shake hands with one of the ruder sex; yet she is fond of being with Oliver, (\*Oliver Caswell, a pupil of the same In-

stitution,) and I was told that it was quite amusing to see how she endeavors to overhis habitual staidness and gravity, while he is as much put to it by her vivacity and restlessness.

But enough of Laura for the present She presented so interesting and curious a subject of study for me that I am tempted to believe any account of her must be agreeable

to your readers; yet I am aware that many of them have probably seen her, and lest all should find me tedious I break off in season. \*The little fellow was still pacing along the hall as I came out, still singing cheerily and taking matters with most landable contentment and good humor.

RHODE-ISLAND HISTORICAL SO-

At a meeting on the 10th inst., after the choice of officers, the society took up for consideration the following preamble and reso lutions, reported by a Committee to the lutions, reported by a Committee to the of other grain, and is capable of increasing Board of Trusces, and by them referred to the amount fourfold; she will send to marke he Society :-

Whereas, a communication has been laid before this Society, in the following words, viz:-

John Howland Esq., Previdence, R. I. President of the Rhode Island Historical Society:

Washington, 17th March, 1815. Sir,—At the request of Commodore Jesse D. Elliot, I transmit herewith to you, to be presented in his name, to the Historical So-ciety of Rhode-Island, a Medal, which he nas caused to be struck in honor of J. Fenni nore Cooper, Esq., in token of grateful ac knowledgement to that distinguished author for the historical justice which he has award ed to the character and conduct of Commo-dore Elliott in his published writings.

I acquit myself with great satisfaction of

this trust committed to me by Commodore Elliot, and am happy to avail myself of the occasion to assure you of the high respect with which I am sir, sir, Your humble and obedient servant,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

It is, thereupon, Resolved, That the thank of this society be presented] to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, for his care and attention in the discharge of the trust committed to im by Commodore Elliot.

And, whereas, we honor the character and cherish the memory of Commudore Olive-Hazard Perry, and hold in high admiration the professional skill, heroic valor, and noble conduct shown by him in the battle on Lake Eric, on the tenth of September, 1813, by which he achieved a victory glorious to the American arms, and gained a name which to sanction: And, whereas, justice requires that this Society shall not door participate in any act which may imply its acquiescence in the efforts which have been made in behalf of Commodore Elliott, to establish for him: reputation derogatory to the just fame of

his deceased commander: It is, therefore, Resolved, That this Se ciety declines accepting the medal which has been presented in the name of Commodore Elliott, and that the President be directed to transmit the same to the Hon. John Quin ey Adams, together with two attested copies of these resolutions; and that, in the name of the Society, we re quest Mr. Adams o return the medal to Commodore Elliott, and to enclose therewith, one of such attes

red copies. preamble and resolutions having been read, it was moved that they be adopted as an act of the Society; whereupon a motion was made by the Hon. William Hunter, and seconded, to amend the report by striking out the first resolution, which motion, after a discussion, in which Messrs. Hunter, Goddard and others participated, was carried by a unanimous vote! The question then being put on the motion to adopt the resolutions as amended, it was carried unanimously.

KENTUCKY METHODISM .- We learn tha the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, decided, by an almost ananimous vote, to adhere to the 'Methodist Episcopal Church, South.' The vote stood. yes 145, noes 5.

THE TABIFF .- The Philadelphia Enquir er says :

'A letter from Washington informs us that the proposed modifications of the Tariff are likely to be much less radical than some of the friends of that measure have apprehended. It is intimated that the ultra Free Trade men will have quite as much cause to complain as the advocates of the Tariff. that this may prove true, although the course of the Washington Union is calculated to confirm the worst apprehensions of the friends of Home Industry. The advocates of this great measure cannot be too vigilant. The destruction of the Tariff would be a fa-

More trouble-thirty Houses burnt. A slip from the Quincy Courier, Adams county, Illinois, dated 14th inst., informs us that a body of Anti-Mormons had attacked the 'Morley's Settlement,' near Lima, in that county, and burnt twenty or thirty houses, with barns, wheat stacks, &c. The Courier dds-"The excitement is very great, and large numbers of Auti-Mormons are pouring in from the adjoining counties and from Missouri,—they are still burning and destroying property, and are determined to drive the

Mormons from the county. Our informant saw about fifty Mormons under arms, within the miles from the settlement. It was about two miles from the settlement. It was in contemplation by the Auti-Mormons to attack two more settlements last evening. The St. Louis Republican of the 6th, learn from a passenger that three hundred Anti-Mormons were encamped near Lima, and that one hundred Mormons had gone into Nauvoo, where the Legion was ordered out.

Resurrectionists. They had something of a time at Buffalo, last week, the result of in-formation conveyed to the police that certain parties were carrying on a large busines n the exhumation and exportation of dead bodies. Proceeding to a house on Main street, the officer found four bodies, packed in barrels, and arrested two soi disant doctors named Waterman and Hovey, strangers in the place, and a cooper, calling himself Smith, who subsequently made a clean be a st of all he knew on the subject. The substance of it is that Waterman hired him to assist in digging up the bodies, and that they were ntended for some institution in Ohio. put the bodies in casks, with pickle, and wer o forward them by way of Canada.

Hints to Lady-killers .- Do not fancy be cause a woman looks at you, that she is in love with you; or if she sigh when you are by, that she is heart-broken on your account; sighing is often a well bred modification of yawning, and as frequently indicative of wear-iness as of anxiety or solicitude.

A RICH STATE

Pennsylvania produces annually 15,000, 000 bushels of wheat, and 45,000,000 bushels this year, 2,000,000 tons of anthracite coal yielding a return to the State of \$7,000,000 she manufactures three-fourths of the iron made in the whole Union, and has the means of supplying the consumption of the world she has a bituminous coal field through which the main line passes, for a hundred and thir ty miles, containing 1,000 square miles, of 6,400,000 acres; when all Europe contain only 2,000 square miles of bitun

Death of Ex Speuker White .- The Cincin nati Gazette, of the 20th inst., says: - Yes terday the rumor was rife in the city, that ludge White, of Kentucky, had shot him The Chronicle says it was so informed by a gentleman direct from Richmond, and that the fatal act was done on Monday last. We hope there is no truth in this rumor.

[Last night's mail confirmed the above

Mr. White returned to his room on the 220 inst., intimating that he did not wish to be disturbed, and soon afterwards shot himself through the head, placing the pistol at his right temple. Pecuniary embarrassment is assigned as the cause. Another account assigned as the cause. Another account states that his health has been for some time extremely feeble and he has been much de pressed in mind. He has left an amible wife and several children, and was, at the time of his death, Judge of the XIXth Judicial District of the state.]

Connecticut and Passampsic River Ruit-road. The subscriptions to the stock of the Connecticut and Passamsic Rivers Railroads, reached, last Wednesday, to nearly the full reached, last Wednesday, to nearly the full amount (\$500,000) required to be taken in the country; and since that time further subscriptions within a serial country.

establish the line to the station at Nantasket, right to do unnecessary work upon that day, and when completed, it will be of the first importance to the shipping and mercantile com-munity, who already take a lively interest in the progress of the enterprise .- Post.

'My lad,' said said a young lady to a boy. carrying an empty mail bag - Ace you the mail boy. Ye duzent think I iz the female hoy, duz ye.

Distressing Sickness in the West .- We re gret to learn that in every part of the West ern country, intermittent fovers of every type revail to an unusual extent. At Du Be Islena, Chicago-throughout Iowa, Wiskonsin, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, not only individuals, but frequently whole families are prostrated with the epidemic. Even Ohio and Kentucky have not escaped its ravages. The Dayton Journal says: "There is more sickness in the country than has been known for many years. Full fever is the prevailing both what he, or his friends and directly to fee disease, but is not malignant in its character. We hear there is a scarcity of quinine, caused by the increased demand for the article, is

A charge of larceny, in the matter of the Makenzie letter, has been preferred by Mr. Hoyt, and is now under investigation before the chief of police. Matthew L. Davis was examined yesterday, and testified that he did not know Mr. Makenzie personally, and that he (Davis) had nothing to do with the publication .- N. V. Com

The publication of the Hoyt correspon

dence is still the prevailing topic of excite-ment. The Locofoco papers, finding it impossible to divert attention from the letters themselves to the mode in which they were placed before the public, ananimously declare that there is nothing in them unfavorable to to the reputation of any of the writers. This The destruction of the Tarill would be a interest tall blow at the prosperity of the country. It is a Whig measure, and must depend chiefly upon Whig and Conservative support for its of their duplicity and perfidy. A judicial investigation has been instituted to ascertain in what manner the correspondence passed into the keeping of Mr. Hoyt. Mr. Mackenzie has published a card in the Tribune, declar-ing that he has no pecuniary interest in the work, the copyright of which has been surrendered to the men who assume the risk of publication. Mr. Van Ness and Mr. Bogardon have both denied any participation in in the affair. The Washington Union speaks of a gentleman who knew of the publication for several weeks before it came out, but does not favour us with the name of the gen-tleman. In the mean time the opinion gains PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING

IN STEWART'S BUILDINGS. BY JUSTUS COBE. BY WHOM ALL ORDERS FOR PRINTING

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Of every description will be neatly and ashionably executed, at short notice.

arength that these papers were surrendered by some distinguished politician who has personal gravancies to revenge. The first edition of the work was at once taken up and mother has been printed.

THE TOWN OF ROME, in western New

York, contains a population of over 5000, has been built up by factories for making has been built up by factories for making puddles and oars from the ash, thousands of which are shipped by almost every versel from England, France, Germany, Prussia, Sweden, Russia, and throughout all the East. The Jusks of the Chinese are now all managed by American oars, and the small boats of all Enope and Asia are now propelled by the en-cerprise of the people of this village. — A. Y Express.

NEW YORK EDISCOPAL CONVENTION -- OR the first ballot for presiding officer, the Cler gy gave, for the Rev. Dr. Creighton, 76 votes For Dr. Wainwright 45 The Luity, for Dr. Wainwright 66

for Dr. Creighton 50

There being no election, the Convention djourned to meet at the same place.

On Thursday morning the Hon, John C.

Spencer announced that Dr. Wainwright
from a desire to preserve harmony and cor-

liality of feeling in the Convention, had requested his name to be withdrawn, and moved that Dr. Creighton be manimously elected President of the Convention. The resolution was carried.—Rev. Mr. Haight was appointed Secretary and C. V. S. Kooland reasurer. Some discussion arose up a the was made out, and a committee was appoint

d to examine and report upon it. Lieu, Gov. Bradish offered the foliowing Lieu. Gov. Bradish offered the following resolutions, prefaced by a few remarks, which were delivered anialst repeated interruptions. Whereas on the 3d of January last the Right Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdook was prononneed guilty, by the lughest judicial re-bunal of the Church, on certain charges of impurity and immorality, and suspended from the office of a Bishop of the Church of God and the functions of the sacred office of the

ninistry, therefore.

Residred. That this convention, without epressing any opinion on the cononical mestion, deem it their duty to declare, and do hereby declare their solemn conviction, that the Right Reverent Benj. T. Onderdonk. even if his restoration to office were practi-calle, can never preform the Episcopal funcions in this dinceso with any prospect of use fulness to the Church.

On the motion to lay this resolution on the able, the vote stood,— Clergy, ayes 82—noes 47

Luity, ayes 66-poes 6d. So the resolution was laid on the table

POLITICAL SABBATH PREAGRING The Rev. Geritt Smith preached a politi-cal sermon at the City Hall on Sabbath-lay. We learn that the announcement of his intention, which was posted up about the streets, which took pains to expicially in-vite to hear him these who conscientantly believe he is wrong in this thing, drow togeth

streets.
The abolition of slavery is desirable scriptions, within our knowledge, have been added, and there are others yet disposed to None desire it more earnestly than we do. But we do not believe it is rither neces make its abolition a question of politics, or to The Electric Telegraph. A petition has employ the hours of the body Subbath in its seen presented to the Mayor and Alderman d scussion as a Political question. This canbeen presented to the Mayor and Alderman by the proprietors of the telegraph, for leave to set up posts for the magnetic wires from the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room, in State-street, to the depot of the Plymouth Railroad on South Cove. It is intended to establish the line to the station of National State street, well venture to say, that it is contablish the line to the station of National State street, well venture to say, that it is contablish the line to the station of National State State and State Stat or in other words,—that it is Right to do

that which is Wrong.

But Mr. Geritt Smith, we doubt not, is convinced that he is doing right in preaching polities on the Subbath day. He is a man very zealous in the cause of Abolition, but often very indiscreet; meaning right, but ac ting wrong. He has seen, and fully re-lizes, the sciental folly of such political action as what may be termed 'Birneyism' was guilty of last fall. He knows that such action inst each inevitably, to transfer the responsibility of the continuance of the abborred sta-tem of Slavery from the shoulders and conciences of the Slaveholders, to those of the Publical Abolitionists themselves. He is a an of too clear an intellect to be blind to this fact, and we are surprised and grieved that his mental and moral perceptions, mol him, have sometimes impiously called Gon's politics.' We are sorry to see him thus by the increased demand for the article, in abusing his talents and wasting his influence, consequence of the unusual prevalence of the is howest and sincere in this work, he deserves pity. If he is playing the political demagogue behind a sort of Benjumin Frenktin Butler mask, he deserves only condemna-tion. We have reason and charity to be-lieve that Mr. Smith is sincere, and therefore pray that he may be led to see what we are convinced is his great error, and again return to the christma's proper observations of the Sabbath - Alb. Citizen.

> 'A Party is known by its leaders,' says the 'Argus.' Read Mackenzic's book of the democracy, and see what sort of menthe 'leaders' of the Lacofoco Party are. See what characters figure there. Among those who have held the high offices of President, Vice President, U. S. Attorney General, Governor of this State, and Collector at the Port of New York, and those who even yet hold the offices of Secretary of War, U. S. District Attorney and N. Y. State Attorney General, we find gamblers in Bank operations, stock jobbers, election betting characters, spoil hunters, hypocrites, demagogues and politi-cal tools, steeped to their eyes in base in trigues and gross political corruption, and all riding the precious hobby of pretended Democracy" only that they may thereby reach the goal of office, feed at the public crib. and clothe themselves in purple and fine linen .- These, and such as these, are the 'Leaders' of the Locofoeo Party. What better are they than the Rhyndr's. Sulliran's and McClusky's of the Empire Club! are all leaders,' and all Democrats.'-